

Oct 6th

Hen: A Bebingham

DIALOGUE

1790 E. 12
BETWEEN

A Secretary of State

AND

A Connaught Squier;

OR,

A SATYR

*In Imitation of Horace
Ibam forte via &c.*

*Semper Ego auditor tantum nunquamne reperam
Vexatus, Rauci totius, thesede cadre? Juvenal.*

Dublin, Printed 1714.

To the Reader,

I *blenest often makes a Poet and Malice a Satyrst, which are as Contrary to my Natural Disposition, as any Man's in the World; but by the Maligniy of my Stars, and of these Unhospitable Regions, I have unhappily fallen into both, which may account in some Measure, for the Occasion of this Performance.*

If any Particular Person thinks his own, Character is Hit, he is Welcome to make the Application, tho' my Design was not to Lash any one Man, but an UNIVERSAL VICE, which is all that Distinguishes a SATYR from a LIBEL.

I must Confejs I borrowed some few Features from a certain Gentleman, which he may be easily know to all his acquaintance, and is no more than Angelo did to a Cardinal, in his Representation of the Damn'd at the Resurrection, I shall not make any Apology for it, because it is due to his Demerits.



In Testimony of Honour
From John Van Dec

Printed by J. Van Dec, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the City of London.

Printed by J. Van Dec, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the City of London.

SATYR

AS I on Stephens Green was taking Air,
 Musing on Trifles, with my usual Care,
 A Squire that I before had never seen,
 Of a Coarse Voice, and an Audacious Mien,
 Advancing to me, Seiz'd me by the Filt:
 And if I had not Shrunk, he wou'd have Kilt;
 Saith the Familiar Puppy, Honest Jack,
 Now thou and I must take a Pint of Sack,
 I at the Address surpriz'd, my self excus'd
 With Manners, but he wou'd not be Refus'd,
 Insisting that he was a Wit, and that,
 He had a Right to claim an Evenings Chat:
 Pox on my Breeding, and my Bashful Face,
 I love says I, the Muses I confess
 But all the While was Studying to get Rid,
 Sometimes I stopt, sometimes I mend my Speed,
 Whisper my Boy, sometimes for a Pretence,
 But all's alike to Harden'd Impudence,
 My Travail he regards not, nor the Shower
 Of Bryny Dew, that Drops from every Pore:
 Upon what ere Occurs the Rambling Fool,
 Divisions runs, without the least Control.
 From Broad Brim'd Hats, Hoop'd Petty-Coats, Long Wiggs
 He finds on easy passage to the Wibbys.
 From thence when Billingsgate begins to Rail,
 And Envious Dulness can no longer Rail,
 He Skips to my Lord Abbercorns fine House,
 His splendid Furniture, and frugal Spouse,
 Then ore the Chappel a long Sermon makes,
 That's Dedicated to the Beaux and Rakes,
 Who long were forc'd to venture Seas and Shelves,
 And Cross the Water, to Divert themselves.
 Sir Numphs he praises much, but ~~Dares for more~~
 Says he, this Fabius shall lost Rome restore,
 Which fly Sir Numphs to Oxmondrown had Stol,
 By Magick Spells, the Purchase of his Soul,
 All that he said, to Mention I forbear

A SATYR

Of High Born St — t or his Neighbour Ware,
Left Cheatham like, I Shou'd be forc't to Eat
His Words, which wou'd be but unsavory Meat,

Hard by there, in a Garret liv'd a Swine,

A Puritan Disguis'd in a Divine,

To be a Libel upon Levi's Race.

And bring the Church and Gown into Disgrace;

His Wardrobe he sets forth, 'his Tattered Crape,

And Leather'n Breeches Reeking with a Clap,

With the Sweet Woollen, that Embalms his Toes;

And Serves by turns for Money Bags, and Hofs.

Look up, at yonder Window Stands a Maid,

Be quick says he, or she'll pull in her Head.

To Ease the Load, with me she strove in vain,

Which thirty Wlaters she has born with pain,

For I disdain'd the forward fool's consent,

To Joyes that only for the fair were meant,

Nature a Padlock on her Face has plac'd,

And Providence has Doom'd hers to be Chast.

Whil't each forbidding feature does Conspire,

To Banish Passion, and Confound Desire.

Thus round the Green he roles, his noisy Clack,

And Crys at every Period, *mark me Jack*;

Hodg Crabtree now within my fell I praise,

And think his Spleen to be a wise Disease,

Who like Alcides bore a Knotted Oake,

To Chastise Rogues that murder'd with their talk.

Mute as a Fish, I make him no Reply,

Oh! Sir, says he, I see you fain wou'd Fly,

'Tis all in vaine, I will not quit you so,

I'll follow, I'm resolv'd whereere you go.

Sir I am going where you are not known,

And Visit at the other end o'th Town.

I am at leisure, and have Legs says Brass,

(Which makes me look like an o'reladen Ass)

'Tis Strange continues he, you shu'd not Love

The Company by which you might improve.

If I have any skill in Men and know

My self (as I am very sure I do)

You'l undervalue all your Steeles and Swifts.

When you have Fathom'd me, and weigh'd my Gifts!

You



You may believe me Sir, for I defie
 The Universe to tax me with a Lye.
 My Sire and most of my Progenitors,
 To Lying always have been much averse:
 Tho'tis a Secret, I will tell it you,
 In Lyriks, even Horace I outdo.
 Three Ballads on the *Whigs* I lately made,
 Which have been Set, and Sung, and Danc'd and, Plaid,
 Ask Tristides, or old Pro and Con:
 Who never Injustice did to any one;
 How many Learned Volumes I have write,
 Useful to all Men when they are Be-shit.
 Ten Printers I have broken with my Books,
 And Rais'd my self and twenty Pastry Cooks,
 The Grocer and Tobacconist must own,
 They thrive by what I write to pull 'em Down:

Stund with the Din; I cou'd no longer bear,
 But Interrupted thus, with a grave Aire;
 Where are your Friends, and Kindred all? Deceas't,
 Happy poor Souls, I'm Glad they are at rest,
 I Guess what Kill'd 'em; I alone remain,
 Dispatch me too, and put me out of Pain.
 I'm sure my Time is drawing near, of old,
 My Fortune by a Gipsy has been told,
 Say's the Old shriv'd Tawny Crone, this Boy,
 Shall not by Fire or sword or Poyson Dye,
 The Pthifick, Gout or Stone, he need not fear,
 For he is doom'd to Perish by the Ear.

A Connaught Booby, made of Tongue and Face,
 Shall Murder him with Noise and Emptiness.
 When ere he sees a forward prating Fool
 Let him be ware and stop his Ears with Wool.
 I helpt to hold the Stirrup when the Ball,
 Fates Messenger, at Churchills feet did fall
 Which Europes Guardian, would not let him Hurt,
 Tho like your self it cover'd him with Dirt,
 Almanza narrowly I Scapt, and since
 Have stood the Test of Irish Evidence.
 Wild Beast I have engag'd, this Dreadful Scar,
 Was given to me by a Reading Bear.
 The Tongues of fifteen Butchers Wives I had
 At once in formal Seige about my Head,

Aloude Artillary! I had a Spouse,
My self, That was no Whisperer God knows,
But near till now, what danger was cou'd learn,
Or wou'd my Back on Man or Woman turn.

Thus Talking we got Opposite to Gills,
Where Sauntring Petty-foggers Buy their Quills,
Where like Grimalkin with Protending Claw,
They watch for Vermin that Delight in Law,
The Blundering Caste they hasten to Retain
And Strive to Tempt him with Gold Cobbs in vain;
To such a Height his Madrigals and Songs,
Had Rais'd the Reputation of his Lungs,
The Court was Siting and a Widows Joyes,
Depended on a Quantity of Noise,
The Costive Judge his Clyster mist to take,
and did require much Work to keep him wake.

My Drooping hopes Reviv'd, and I Began,
To think Relief was coming but in vain,
The Leech upon no Terms wou'd quit this Hold,
Nor wou'd he let his Prisoner go for Gold.
But On the Bloody minded Wretch does run,
Resolv'd to do my Business not his own,

Says He, are you and my Lord Duke still great?
I want to be a Minister of State,
'Twou'd be a Strengthening to your Interest there,
If you cou'd bring me in to have his Ear;
His Ear quoth I, then all the World wou'd say,
I was about to take his Life away.

An overt Act, Learn'd Broderick wou'd it call,
Which wou'd by Ground enough to Hang us all.

Been't in a Passion, you shall keep your Place,
Tho not one Soul beside I'd leave his Grace,
We 'two'd Ingrose him, and the Spoile divide,
When all the rest are Whisperd from his Side,
Ouns! How the Aldermen wou'd look, how Sower,
To see a Head so Capable in Power,
'Twou'd vex them sore, for sure they never will
Forget the Poignant Sting of his Goose Quill,
Which has Lampoon'd their Wives and Daughters long,
And turn'd their very Charter to a Song.

Sir you're mistaken in my Lord I see,
For there scarce lives a Wiser Man than he,
He Chooses well his Servants, and his Friends,

And Dextrously applys 'em to his Ends.
 But on himself alone relies, and Rules
 Without the help of little Faction's Tooles,
 He wants no Spy, or Thracian Assassin,
 Or Evidence to Murder Honest Men;
 Or Libels which Pale Envy do beget,
 To Prey upon the Glory of the Great.
 The Kingdoms Wounds he Mildly strives to Close.
 And none but Lurking Traitors are his Foes.
 Impartial as the Gods, the Odious Names,
 That Disunite good Subjects, he Disclaims.
 The Turbulent with Peace he does Inspire
 And Swells the Languid Soul with Martial Fire.
 If you have Merit, which his Single Eye,
 As well as if he had a Thousand will Desery.

This Character has made me Covet more
 To be about him than I did before,
 'Tis but your Labour, Try what can be done,
 Altho hee's Difficult he may be Won.

His Duns I'll Bully, From his Doores his Debts,
 I'll pay with Lawsuites, Priviledge and Cheats,
 I'll Toast his Health All Night; He Bribe his Whore,
 And Lie with her my self to, make her sure;
 I'll Pimp for him, and likewise for his Spouse,
 To please 'em both, and keep a quiet House,
 I'll puff him up with Flattery and Lyes,
 And Praise him for his Ungot Victories,
 And Write Lampoons upon his Glorious Enemies.
 At Play, at Levees, Ballet, Tables I
 Well drest with a gay Aire, will dayly ply.
 And always keep my self within his Eie.
 If I'm Kickt out, again I will return,
 And a third beating shall not serve my turn.
 'Tis true good Sir, I grant in former times,
 Men Rose not by their Vertue, but their Crimes.
 Then Open Lewdness, Noise and Impudence,
 Took Place of common Honesty and sence,
 Then 'twas no wonder for a Smooth Skind Wench
 To raise a Hoary Pander to the Bench;
 But now alas! the time is out of Doors,
 For Ballad-makers, Pimps, Buffoons and Whores.

A SATIR

He shook his Addle Head, and said 'twas Strange,
 The Times Shou'd have to very Odd a Change,
 He mutterd more, of which I cannot think,
 For now my Spirits did begin to Sink.
 In vain I Cry for Help, and Wave my Hand,
 Like Shipwreck't Mariner upon a Sand,
 As if I had the Plague, all from me Fly,
 And not one Friend dare venture to come Nigh.
 Intent on Death, I fix'd my self to Prayer,
 Forgave and Kilt the Executioner;
 When suddenly a Coach, appear'd that shone,
 More Radiant than the Chariot of the Sun,
 By the Bright Beams I thought, *So there*
 But 'twas a Goddess, that was full as Fair;
 My Gaurdian Angel and Deliverer.
 The *Charming Harp* song did within it Sir.
 Beautys Perfection, and the Test of Wit,
 Whose Rosy Checks more Blooming then the Springs,
 Glow with the Antient Blood of *Canaan* Kings.
 Her Eyes like Planets rule the Fate of Man,
 And those who she bids dye, Resist in Vain;
 Wild Savages forger their Rage, to gaze;
 Upon her Snowy Breasts and lovely Face.
 Even this Barbarian felt the fatal Blow,
 Tho Nurs'd on Rocks, and Suckl'd by a Sow.
 Her piercing Asp'it struck the Monster Dumb:
 And with a Glance Unbrac'd him like a Drum,
 Speechless he stood, with Wonder and Delight,
 And all was Hush'd as in the Dead of Night.
 Reliev'd by *Venus*, thus I did get clear,
 Like Homers Heroes, in the Trojan War.

FINIS.



ADVERTISEMENT

THE Life of Robin Hood; Praxis Seaccarii the Pious Groanes
 and Lamentations of Francis Creswick, an Account of the Lives
 of all the Judg's that have been Banish'd, Hang'd, Beheaded,
 Flea'd alive, and Imprison'd in England, since the time of King Alfrid
 A Panygyrick on the Citizens of Barcelona and Dublin. to be pub-
 lish'd by the Author very speedily.